

## From Lucile's Diary

I determined rather suddenly last week to go out to the Lakeside inn, where Ruth Ritchey and her mother are passing the summer. I thought a few days in the country would be very restful and refreshing.

Ruth, who always likes to parade any little popularity she has, wrote me recently about the delightful time she was having playing tennis with a Mr. Carl Bates. So when I went out I naturally wished to take a tennis racket with me. Unfortunately the one I had last year is broken, and as Wisner Lee hinted that he intended bringing me a racket from the east, I did not wish to go to the extravagance of buying one. Accordingly, I decided to take Betty's.

"It's a very good racket, even if it is old," I said, appreciatively, when at my request Betty brought hers down to our house.

"It's not very old," she said. "It's only three years ago that I won it at the Birchwood club tournament."

"It's awfully sweet of you to let me take it," I replied.

"Who plays tennis here?" I asked, after receiving the surprise greetings of Ruth, for I had not announced my coming.

"Mr. Bates and I have been playing singles," Ruth answered, "but there is a young boy here who plays a fair game, and will fill in for doubles."

"That's good," I exclaimed. "But, Ruth, dear, you'll have to let me have the best player for my partner, because you are in much better practice than I am."

When Mr. Bates and I beat Ruth and her young partner two sets five love Ruth seemed rather put out.

"I don't care to play any more today," she announced, when I urged her to try another set. "I'm going to my room to rest before dinner."

"Dear me!" I remarked as she left us. "I don't see how any one can bear to waste any of this lovely June day in resting. I want to enjoy every minute."

"Mr. Bates smiled and asked: 'Would you care to play singles?'"

"Oh, no, don't let's play without Ruth," I answered, loyally. "I'd rather take a walk or go on the lake."

The evening dinner was over when Mr. Bates and I returned from a charming row, during which we explored a distant bay that I had especially desired to see. Although I went to the trouble of picking a bunch of water lilies for Mrs. Ritchey, she and Ruth greeted me so coldly that I made up my mind it would be no pleasure for me to stay at Lakeside with them. So when Mr. Bates mentioned that he intended leaving for town in the early morning, I asked to be allowed to drive to the station with him and go on the same train. He seemed pleased with this arrangement, and we got on famously together. Indeed, I like him very much, and am seeing a lot of him.

As soon as Betty heard that I was home she came over for her racket.

"Your racket!" I repeated. "Why, the fact is, Betty dear, I left Lakeside so hurriedly that I forgot to pack some of my things. However, Ruth will send them to me, I'll wire her tonight."

Betty said nothing, but the way she looked made me regret taking the racket she had almost forced upon me. Ruth sent it by express the next day with a note saying that it had not been improved by a night in the rain. She said she found it the morning I left on the grass where I dropped it at the end of our tennis sets. The hotel people were very careless to leave it there. It must have been a poor racket, for the frame was warped and the stringing was quite ruined just by one night's shower.

Mother suggests that I give Betty the beautiful new racket Wisner Lee has just brought me from New York. Of course, I shall not be so rude as that. I have to own to myself that my dear mother is somewhat lacking in a knowledge of what is good form.

I saw an advertisement of a sale of rackets today, and I think I shall be able to get Betty one at a reasonable price. Not being an expert player any more, it would be useless for her to have one of the expensive makes.

## They Achieved Their Object.

John Bach McMaster, professor of American history at the University of Pennsylvania, said at a dinner in Philadelphia, apropos of the war of independence:

"The British complained that our men fought from behind trees and stone walls—that they didn't fight at all like drilled soldiers."

Professor McMaster smiled. "And yet, after all," he said, "our men achieved the prime object of a soldier's drill, which is to make holes in the enemy."

## He Wasn't to Blame.

"Tommy," said the teacher, "you know very well you have no good excuse for staying away from school yesterday."

"I know it, teacher," replied the little fellow. "But it wasn't my fault."

"Are you sure it wasn't?" queried the teacher.

"Yes, mam," answered Tommy. "I tried my best to think up a good excuse, but I just couldn't."

## GIFTS FOR BEATRICE

Allen found lying on his desk a message telephoned by his wife while he was away in court. It read: "Am downtown. Will take the 5:40 home. Can you?"

He had been in court all day and was very tired, yet somehow his eye lingered on the data that had been added by his methodical stenographer. June 29. Why?

He staggered to his feet, overcome with direful thought. Yesterday was Beatrice's birthday and he had forgotten!

He took out his pocket notebook from habit. Yes, her birthday was the 28th. He remembered with a blush of shame his own birthday, not two months ago, when she had had the Williams into dinner and there had been a birthday cake with its gleaming candles.

He flung down his roller top with a clatter. It was 4:30 o'clock. If he could catch the 5:15 express he could reach home before Beatrice and maybe fix up something that would make it up to her.

Telling the office boy that he would not be back he slammed the door and rushed away without a systematic thought.

He plunged headlong into a department store with but 30 minutes to accomplish anything and make the train. He passed before a counter laden with silk stockings and promptly ordered half a dozen pairs, adding hastily: "I'll take them with me. Hurry the package!"

As he left the counter he remembered despairingly that he had given her silk stockings at Christmas.

"These won't do for the real thing, then," he murmured. "Here's the velvet. Does she want velvet? Yes, for the Williams' auto, since we have none." So he bought three beautiful long velvet in shades of brown.

"That's surely the shade to go with her tan coat," he thought. "Though why I should give her velvet I can't see. Handkerchiefs?" he muttered, as he passed a counter laden with them. "Yes, anything! I like them myself." He beckoned frantically to a clerk. "A dozen, best quality. And hurry the package."

Then came the disquieting thought, "But these won't do for the real thing." So he bought two pretty hatpins and wasted several precious minutes waiting for his change.

As he turned from the hatpin counter he gasped at the sight of a clock pointing triumphantly at five. He rushed for the door. Perhaps with flowers and candy this helter-skelter choice of gifts might do. If he could only think of something she wanted his forgetfulness might be overlooked.

At the entrance the inspiration came in the shape of a paragon. She had wanted one last Sunday—a pink one. This would be the gift, then. He ordered it eagerly. Pale-pink chiffon it was, with an ivory handle.

On his way to the train he took time to get a box of candy and some roses. Then he swung aboard just as the train pulled out.

He turned the latch key of his own residence softly and slipped in with the air of a burglar arriving home with a rich haul. In spite of himself he smiled as he threw his bundles down and mopped his brow. He had reached home first! There was joy in the thought and he hurriedly opened the bundles.

He opened the pink parasol, threw the veils over it and the stockings over them. The hatpins and the handkerchiefs were in evidence and the candy was unwrapped, displaying a festive bow.

Just as he put the roses in a vase without water the door opened and Beatrice walked in.

"Why, John Allen!" she cried. "Whatever in the world! Didn't you get my message? You're a day early at this, aren't you? This is the 27th surely. It's like having presents Christmas eve, isn't it?"

"Christmas eve!" he stammered, as he kissed her in apologetic fashion. "You didn't forget, did you, silly man?" she laughed. "Tomorrow is the 28th, isn't it?"

Allen had been an emergency man from his youth up and he seized the situation with mighty grip.

"Of course, it is, Beatrice. But don't you know that that stupid Carroll case takes me out of town tomorrow?" Then as he watched her exclaim over her gifts he murmured to himself: "It's that blooming stenographer again, with her 7s and 9s. If I had only thought of the Carroll case I'd have known."

Raising Wild Ducks in Maryland. Passengers on an Annapolis car the other morning were much edified to see S. E. Edgerton, Jr., who has a country place on the Severn, with a market basket containing 30 little blackhead wild ducks, says the Baltimore Sun.

"I raised them myself," said Mr. Edgerton, "and they are now only two days old. The eggs I secured from duck hunters on the lower Chesapeake. From 21 eggs I have secured these 30 ducklings."

It is understood that it is a very unusual thing for wild ducks to be domesticated, yet this very feat Mr. Edgerton has accomplished on previous occasions. He has raised in a tame state about 200 wild ducks, altogether from eggs secured in Canada, and points not so distant, his intention being, he says, to stock his place with a variety of the fowl.

## A STRANGE ADVENTURE

He was a young physician, old enough to have outgrown the student overconfidence and cynicism, still young enough to be enthusiastic. He loved study for its own sake, but he did his "charity work" with an attitude of human sympathy that made the poor love him. This was partly due to his natural kindness of heart, but more to the fact that he had learned much through suffering. In early youth he had loved a girl in his own country village, and she, following him to the city to learn stenography, had slipped out of his sight and knowledge entirely. The sad thought that this would not have happened but for the quarrel born of his nervous impatience was with Doctor Hudson always. For the sake of Marie, whom his loving, troubled fancy pictured always as ill or in trouble, he was kind to all unfortunates, especially if they belonged to her sex.

He made a specialty of eye and ear maladies, and presently he had a clinic at the great infirmary where streams of unhappy sufferers flowed through daily. Every time he treated a pair of afflicted eyes he sent up a silent prayer for Marie, whose pretty form, when last he had seen them, clearly had shown the effects of overwork, and who had hereditary disposition toward eye troubles. The poor patients gained, however, by the gentle manner that had grown out of his own self-condemnation for that needless burst of wrath.

One day, turning from a particularly sad case, he was met by another. Two women entered, one middle aged, uncultured, kindly, leading the other, a slender girl evidently quite blind. The blind girl, seated in the proper chair, removed the thick veil that covered her face, and lo!—thin, delicate, poorly clad, plainly in the depths of poverty, Marie was disclosed. Professional reserve and impassivity were proudly justified of their child in that moment. The doctor's hands and voice both shook a little, but his manner was quite calm as he requested Marie's companion and the other physician present to leave him for a moment alone with the patient, in whom he had discerned an old friend.

Marie, hearing his voice, trembled more than he and would have declined the interview had she realized the situation sufficiently. But before her senses really were awake the door had closed on the retreating people, her lover's arms were around her, and she—she who had vowed undying pride and coldness was sobbing against his breast.

The story of her hard work and of the gradually failing eyesight, of the kind, ignorant woman in whose house she had lodged latterly, of the visit to the infirmary in the hope of a renewed chance toward independence, came later. There was no time for it in that moment, for Doctor Hudson, when it was borne in upon him that his colleague no longer could be kept waiting, acted with his customary speed and decision.

"I feel sure this case is not hopeless," Marie heard him saying, "but we will not treat her here, Stanley. Will you send for a carriage, please, and will you," cordially addressing good, surprised Mrs. Murphy, "go with Miss Drew to the hospital I have chosen? This," forestalling Marie's timid remonstrance, "is my affianced wife, doctor, and my sister will take charge of her from this moment. Shall we call the next case?"

And the next case, a grim old mangle, little knew to what he owed the unexpected forbearance that sent him unimproved away.

## The Adventurer.

Still in the city on his visit, Uncle Zech strayed downtown one morning by himself. His eye caught the sign on a passing car. "Can it be possible?" he exclaimed. Looking closer, he saw that his first impression was correct. "Zoo," said the sign.

"What wonderful things there are in the city!" he said to himself. "Think of carrying a menagerie around in a street car for passengers to see. Me for that." (He was learning city talk.)

Yelling, waving his arms and running at top speed, he attracted the attention of the conductor, who held the car at the next corner.

Pulling up, Uncle Zech swung aboard, paid his fare and went inside. There was the zoo: Several foreigners, some deadheads, two early marketers, a street car hog, a trained letter carrier, a grouch, two mollycods and a high-brow.

Uncle took them all in, feeling secure in the comforting presence of a large policeman, but when he heard snarling on the back platform he made for the front and escaped at the next corner.

## Duelling in Germany.

Dr. Kleppert of Berlin-Rixdorf, German scientist, although a university man, has decided views on dueling. "I believe we could do without dueling," he said, "and I believe the time will come when the duel, at least at universities, will be a thing of the past."

"How about dueling in the army?" "That is different," explained the German. "You know a soldier is a man trained to fight, and if his honor has been attacked he is compelled to defend it according to the rules of war, which means fighting for it, and that is dueling."

## FROM THE RIVER

The man on the bridge gazed idly down at the river that swept so silently beneath him. Near him a young woman, fair and slender, stood leaning on the railing. She, too, looked down at the water. Suddenly she gave a little exclamation of despair and sprang far out into the dark, her body striking the water with a splash.

Quick as she had been, the man was quicker, for she had scarce struck the water than an answering splash told that he had sprung to her rescue. A few minutes more and he had dragged her to the shore.

"Why did you do that?" he asked sternly, as he held her in his arms—she was so weak that she would have fallen.

"Why didn't you let me die?" she asked in reply.

The man began to wring the water from her coat. "Come, now," he said, "you really didn't expect me to let you drown yourself?"

"I didn't know you were there," the girl faltered. "I thought I was all alone."

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

"Where are your friends?"

"I have none."

"That's bad," said the man, musingly. Then he added:

"Come."

The girl arose and tried to walk, but almost fell to the ground again. The man, with a quick glance around, picked her up in his arms and walked hastily along the street which bordered the river bank. The street was lined with warehouses and factories, all dark for the night. On a far corner, however, a light shone from an open doorway. There the man bore his half-conscious burden. The light shone from the rear room of a saloon, used as a restaurant.

Placing the girl in a chair at one of the tables, the man called a waiter, who, at his request, brought a glass of whisky. The fiery liquor made the girl choke and gasp, but it brought a faint glow to her cheek.

"You're not used to that," the man said.

"No," she replied, "I never tasted it before." Then she glanced around the room.

"When did you eat your dinner?" the man asked.

"Yesterday," she replied, with a wan smile.

"And you are famishing?" cried the man. The waiter speedily brought some food, which the girl ate eagerly. As she did so the man studied her carefully. She was not more than 26, and would have been pretty were not her face marked by the lines of suffering. She was neatly dressed, but her clothing bore the marks of poverty. About her throat a white collar relieved the monotony of her attire, while neat white cuffs encircled her wrists. But everything she had on was soiled and bedraggled by the dirty waters of the river in which she had sought to drown herself. When she had satisfied her hunger she told him her story—a sordid story enough of a struggle to earn her own living in a great city, of failure, and finally of despair.

"What will you do now?" the man asked.

"I don't know," the girl replied. For several minutes the man bent his brows in thought. Then he leaned forward, took the girl's face between the palms of his hands, turned it toward him and looked long and searchingly into her eyes. She flushed, but met his gaze steadily and fearlessly.

"Could you look my old mother in the eyes like that?" he asked, finally.

"Yes," she replied.

"Do you know," he said, after another long pause, "I have a feeling that you belong to me. I found you in the river. Out west, where I live, finding is keeping."

The girl flushed. "I think I would prefer to go back to the river," she said.

"Wait a moment and let me explain. I am willing to trust you if you are willing to trust me. Marry me tomorrow."

"Marry you?" the girl faltered.

"I mean nothing else," the man said, earnestly.

The girl looked at him wistfully. Still she hesitated.

"I will say this much and no more," the man added. "I can give you a good home. You will never regret me or be ashamed of me. I will not tell you where my home is, nor who I am, nor what I am. You must take me as I am willing to take you."

"I will marry you tomorrow," said the girl. Then she broke into a torrent of tears.

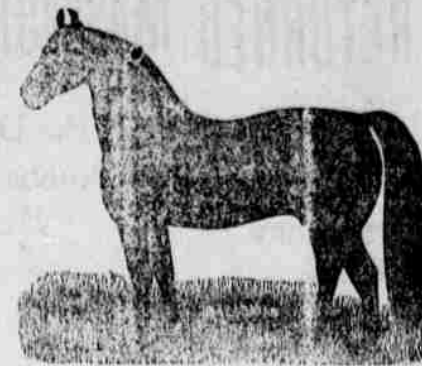
"O, be good to me!" she cried. "Just be good to me. Give me peace, and a smile, and a kind word once in a while. That's all I ask. The world has been so cruel, and I am so tired of it all."

A year later they were back in Chicago, standing in the evening on the same bridge.

"If I should jump over, John, would you spring in after me?" she asked, with the light of love shining in her eyes.

"My girl, I would spring into the bottomless pit for you," he replied, fondly. "I never shall regret the night I found my girl in the river and made her marry me on trust the next day."

# HORSES & MULES WANTED



LEE BROS., the Mexico Horse buyers will be in Montgomery City, Mo.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21,

at E. B. Pegram's Feed Stable for the purpose of buying Horses and Mules for the Market. We come to buy, not to visit. We want the best that grow. If you have a good draft horse, a good harness horse, a good saddle horse, or a good pair of any kind that you want to sell, show them to us. We will buy them as high as anybody. We have a place for all the good ones. We want them four years old and up. Will buy an old horse or mule if they are fat and good lookers.

# LEE BROS.

OF MEXICO, MO.

## DR. P. J. CANNON, D.O.

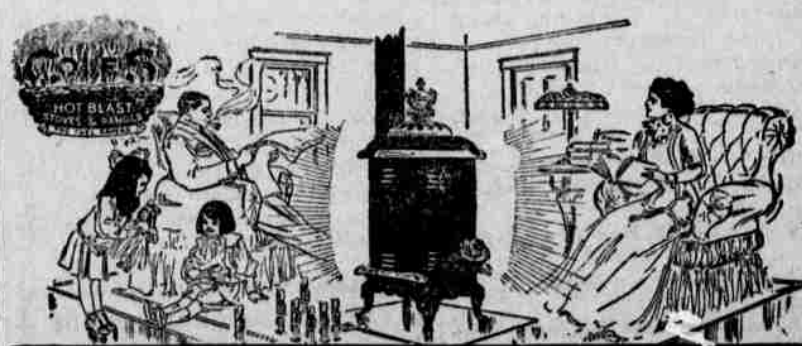
Office at Residence, (The Walker Place) on Railroad Street, Montgomery City, Mo. Hours from 1 to 8 o'clock p. m.

The Doctor makes a

## Specialty of Chronic Diseases,

and if you are suffering in any way now is the time to get relief

## CONSULTATION FREE



## Happy, Comfortable Evenings Spent at Home

What can you imagine that will make home more pleasant and enjoyable than an even, warm temperature. In offering you

## Cole's Original Air-Tight Wood Heater

we do so knowing it will give you perfect satisfaction. Read the following guarantee made by the manufacturer of this remarkable stove.

We guarantee every Cole's Air-Tight Wood Stove bearing our name to remain air-tight as long as used.

We guarantee that it will hold fire over night with dry wood.

We guarantee the combustion so complete with wood that ashes need not be removed oftener than four times each winter.

We guarantee each stove to be free from imperfect material and workmanship.

COLE MANUFACTURING CO (Not Inc.)

Avoid mistakes—Before you buy allow us to show you the patented features on Cole's Original Air-Tight which make it the most satisfactory of all heaters.

Burns wood, chips, cobs and rubbish.

## ROLLA S. PAUL

See Our Complete Assortment of Stoves—Prices \$3.00 and Up.

The Above Picture Shows Cole's Dome Top Air-Tight—Handsome and Durable.

## Barnes Business College

911 Locust Street, St. Louis, Mo., offers superior instruction in Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting and the English Branches. Established 30 years. Eight instructors, 40 typewriters, first-class equipment. Fall term opens on and after Sept. 5. Catalogue free.